WHAT YOU FEEL AND DO WHEN

YOU FIND YOU ARE GOING BLIND

BASIL KING

4v 2335

AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

What You FEEL and DO When You Find You Are GOING BLIND

Hearst's International, October 1924
HV2331 K
copy one

By Basil King

On a summer's day in one of the early years of the present century, I made the discovery that I was going blind. It was a purely accidental discovery, for which nothing had prepared me. To make some purchases I had driven into Fécamp from the tiny French watering-place of Saint-Pierre-en-Port, where I was spending a month or two. Fécamp being our nearest town, we were obliged, for anything from a needle to an anchor, to take the seven-mile drive.

If you know the coast of Normandy you will remember it as a line of soft white cliffs dipping here and there to a pretty little cove edged by a pebbly beach. Orchards, grain fields and sometimes a bit of forest will run right up to the line where the cliff breaks to the sea. In every little ravine there will be the trim white villas of a summer colony, and at least one small hotel. Simplicity and cheapness will justify the affectionate phrase *un petit trou pas cher*—an inexpensive little hole—always applied to these modest resorts, fragrant of apples and fresh fish. Such are Villerville, Grandes Dalles, Petites Dalles, Saint-Pierre-en-Port, and a hundred other villages snuggled within the rifts in the white sea-wall, humble neighbors of Trouville, Deauville, and Dinard.

But now and then the break between the cliffs is wide enough to admit a seaport town. Boulogne, Dieppe, Le Havre are instances, modern and up-to-date. Others again, such as Honfleur, and Fécamp, unite the flavor of the sea with something medieval and even ecclesiastical. In Fécamp especially the priest, the monk and the nun help the sailor and the fisherman to give the old town character.

But Fécamp too has its beach—its *plage*—more extensive than those of any of the *petits trous pas chers*, though less fashionable than, let us say, Étretat or Cabourg. A long line of sandy white shore dotted with the tents of family parties and sprinkled with men, women and children, most of them in bathing togs, stretches in front of a good portion of the town, fringed by the more important villas and hotels. In every hotel the dining-room commands the view, the tables so placed that the guest has something to look at while he eats.

Lunching, and watching idly this gay little scene, I chanced to cover my right eye with my hand, and found I could see nothing with the left. Over the beach with its tents and its crowds, over the blue English Channel with its steamers and its fishing-smacks, a mist had come down. It was not darkness. Rather it was a white nothingness, like the densest of silvery fogs.

Startled, I was not afraid. I had not yet had time to be afraid. We have all had experiences in which for a few seconds something seems to have happened which has not in reality happened at all. So I thought of this loss of vision. It was a trick of the nerves or of the imagination. So great a calamity could not have come without my perceiving it on the way. You went blind not between one minute and another, but by slow degrees. The misfortune itself warned you of its advance, and being warned you could do something to counteract it.

So I finished my luncheon without undue perturbation, and in the same way drove back to Saint-Pierre-en-Port. Fifty times at least on the way I covered the right eye with a hand, only to find that nothing but a silvery fog was visible through the left one. By the time I had reached my little journey's end I had also reached the conclusion that, for the present at least, the sight of that eye was gone.

But I had reached another conclusion too. It will be obvious that I could not have come to the age and status at which I was then—a married man and the head of a little family—without, like everyone else, having developed a crude philosophy of life which had at least some steadying qualities. This I had been obliged to do for my own self-protection, and to do it quite early in life. For reasons I need not explain, my boyhood was troubled one. Cares, responsibilities and often humiliation came upon me at an age at which most boys have nothing more serious to meet than the problems of their schools and games. Some of them I could swing; many of them I could not. Those that I could not weighed on me more heavily, of course, than those I could work off. Boys being inexpressive creatures I carried my many loads in silence, not because I should not have been glad of a friend and confidant, but because I could never have thrown off the burden even if I had had one.

Shut in on myself I was forced to find a principle that would give some constructive sense to a life that seemed but a hodgepodge of worries and vexations. There was nothing new in what I discovered, nor anything which every reader does not know; but since I had worked it out for myself to me it was a possession. Briefly it was this. Looking about me I saw that no one was exempt from trial. Those whom I regarded as most fortunate, because of money, standing or independence, I soon came to see as tortured with troubles of their own. The poor had troubles because they were poor; the rich because they were rich. If by any chance a man or woman was free from these complications, he went to work, or she went to work, to manufacture them.

For this universality of care I was sure that there must be a better reason than the purely fatalistic one I most frequently heard around me. I was at that time much preoccupied with fate as a determining factor in man's life. Before going to college, and while there, I read most of the great Greek tragedies in which man is represented as fate's plaything. The same philosophy was implied in the works of Thomas Hardy, the contemporary writer whom I most admired. Even by the religious people with whom I came in contact care was regarded as a kind of divine chastisement to which it was wisest to submit, seeing that there was no escape from it.

Now all this opinion, Christian, as it was considered, as well as Greek, I rejected utterly. Stamped through and through with moral cowardice, it seemed to me unworthy of a human being. Being in those days an enthusiastic reader of book reviews—poor foolish me!—I was fed to satiety with the stock phrase, "the relentlessness of a Greek Fate," which was supposed to convey high praise. Fate came to seem to me but a high-sounding classic name for the white-livered weakness which backs down.

Care, on the other hand, I learned to regard not as so much misfortune, but as the material with which you build your personality. You needed care as you needed exercise, to keep you from being flabby. You rose to it; you got it beneath you. As each new onslaught of it came you said to yourself, "I must meet it, work through it, and get it as one more enriching experience." If you had an interval relatively free from it you took it as breathing space in which to get your wind for a fresh attack. The happy time of never having any more of it you learned no longer to expect. You knew you would always have worries, anxieties, bereavements. Your job was to bear them and beat them. Bearing them and beating them, you came out happier as well as stronger. Cheerfulness lay not in having nothing to endure, but in the exhilaration of a struggle. Without a struggle without a struggle daily, you grew flaccid and inert.

My Mind

Hapgood

George H. Clisbee

La Follette's sin is that he is not respectful enough to established interests.

We are told that the war made 23,000 new millionaires in America. Many who were already millionaires got richer.

Here is what George Washington said of profiteers: "It is much to be lamented that each state, long ere this, has not hunted them down as the pests of society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that one of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman."

Senator La Follette is not so vehement as George Washington. The early part of La Follette's forty-year record was in Wisconsin state politics. By the time I reached Milwaukee, where for a few months on the Sentinel I did city politics, his name had long been a byword. Senator Spooner was the leader of the respectables and La Follette was mentioned with austere contempt by all my friends. Yet what he had done no one has ventured to undo. He was a leader in the Workmen's Compensation Act, of which the "best minds" in those days told us merely that it would cause working men to lose arms on purpose to be paid for them. When I was a boy it was respectable to treat labor unions much as General Dawes treats them now.

La Follette's acts regulating life insurance companies and railroads were treated as ruinous then. Few are bold enough now to go back to the conditions which he overthrew.

In 1908 twelve of the thirteen planks of the La Follette platform offered to and rejected by the Republican national convention are now law, nine via Republican congresses. The other plank has been partially adopted. They are:

1. Give initiative to Interstate Commerce Commission. Now law.
2. Suspend freight rate increase when challenged. Now law.
3. Establish railroad rate classification. Now law.
4. Make governmental valuation of railroads. Now law.
5. Create Tariff Commission. Now existing.
6. Exempt labor organizations from anti-trust laws. This is in part still an issue.
7. Direct election of U. S. Senators. Now law.
8. Publicity of campaign expenditures. Now law. To be carried further.
9. Regulation of telegraph and telephone rates. Now law.
10. Remedy misuse of injunction in labor disputes. It remains a national issue. It played a big part in 1922 and will count this year in Daugherty's record and that of General Dawes.
11. Create Department of Labor. Now existing.
12. Extend eight-hour law to government employees. Now law. Years ago my friends said an eight-hour day would ruin business. Working people would merely loaf and drink.
13. General employers' liability act. This got into the Republican platforms of 1912 and 1916 and is now law.

In 1912, eighteen propositions were presented by La Follette and rejected by the Republican convention. Fourteen were new; four had been in the 1908 platform. In the intervening ten years fifteen have been written into federal statutes, by either Democrats or Republicans; two have been adopted in part.

In 1916 the La Follette minority platform was rejected as usual by the Republican National Committee.

His 1924 platform is now being fought. Internationally it makes for pacifism. In home affairs it puts special emphasis on corruption in Washington, on the tariff, on taxes fixed to suit the rich, on the treatment of labor and on the ownership by a few people of utilities that should be publicly owned or more effectively controlled.

For my own part, I can almost eliminate the foreign issue. The three platforms seek such changes in the relations between governments that they strike me as tending all toward less aggressive nationalism and more cooperation. They can be summed up thus:

The Republicans speak for the world court, rejoice in the Washington Conference on limiting naval armament, and nominate for Vice-President the man who gives his name to the report on reparations.

The Democrats accept all those steps and think we should have gone further.

The La Follette group favor an active foreign policy to revise the Versailles treaty and make it agree with the armistice terms; to make firm treaty agreements with all nations for the purpose of outlawing wars, abolishing conscription, drastically reducing armaments by land, air, and sea, and guaranteeing a referendum before any war unless the country is invaded.

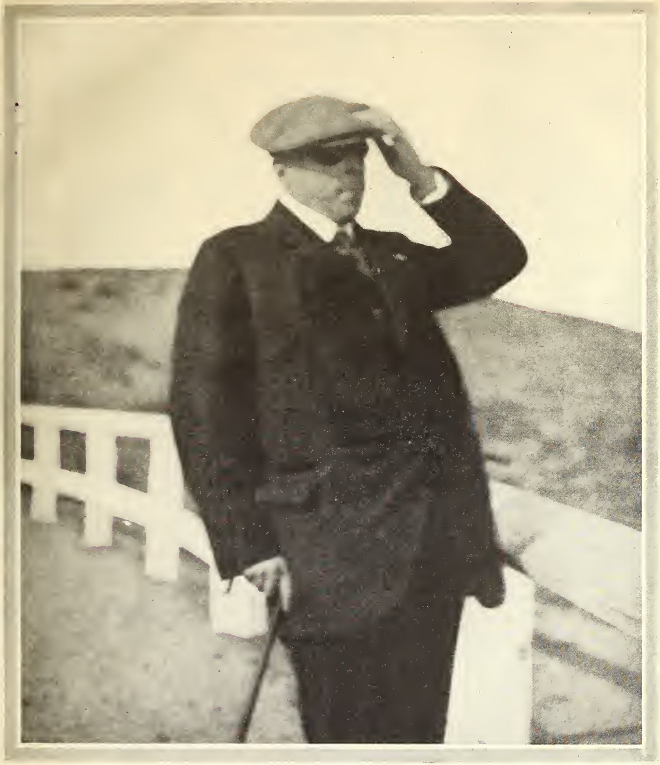
I am not going to discuss these alternative ideas of making over our ideas of national honor and safety and our conceptions of morality and greatness. I believe they all influence the world's mind in the same direction and therefore I pass them by to take up deep-lying differences.

Herriot, Prime Minister of France, has recently said: "Since the thirteenth century, at least—that is, since the Magna Charta—England has been the bulwark of modern law." And he quotes Taine as saying that the Anglo-Saxon race came forward to help the world while the Greek and Latin elements were decaying. "The deep and vivid impression which it receives from material things," Taine says, "will later save it from Latin rhetoric." From Russian rhetoric, also, and from the Jewish rhetoric of Marx. La Follette is soundly trained in the long school of Anglo-Saxon experience. But that experience, though close to facts, is true to change, the most inevitable of facts.

This man has lived as great thinkers have always advised, but as so few of us are willing to do. It was put thus by Diogenes: "A man's wealth may be measured by the things he can do without." And by Spinoza thus: "For myself, I am certain that the good of human life cannot be in the possession of things which for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike."

For years I have known La Follette personally and his family also. His personal life is not disconnected from the growth in his influence. If a group in the Senate and the House, including Democrats as well as Republicans, has come to look to him as the leader of American liberalism, it is due only in part to the unbending courage of a lifetime. It is due also to the harmony between his principles and his life. What he preaches he carries out. Money has never appeared as an ideal in his family. There has been no luxury there. There have been hard work, frugality, mutual trust, ardor about principles, contempt for soft and pampering conditions, for gilded baubles.

La Follette, contrasting with Daugherty, Burns, Hughes, Palmer and Burleson, believes in freedom of expression, not less when we disagree than when we agree. He would accept Thomas Jefferson's monumental statement: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve [*Continued on page 102*]



BASIL KING

So, driving back to my little nest between the cliffs, I fell back, as I had fallen back a thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand, times on this line of reasoning. In the telling it sounds priggish; it may even sound self-righteous; but I do not think that either self-righteousness or priggishness entered into this new phase of the fight. When we are hard put to it there are only a few well worked principles strong enough to summon to our aid, and if our copybook moralists have worn them to platitudes they still are the best we have with which to invoke fortitude.

All I could say, then, was to the effect that while there might be coming a new and tragic turn to life, the resources that had helped me to meet other things would help me to meet this. There would be a way through, and out. To be frightened or dismayed might easily mean not finding it. To keep as calm and undaunted as one could—which is not very much at the best of times—might, on the other hand, open up the channels by which good comes to us. To the best of my power I bent myself to that.

It was not as hard as it may seem owing to the fact, as given above, that I had done something from my boyhood to cultivate the art. Though little, it was a mental starting point. To some slight degree I had formed the habit of seeing how much I had not to bear which others had; so that if I was called on to face what most of them were free from, it could be no more than my share. In this way I avoided some of the subtle poison of self-pity—not all of it—a germ against which there is almost no antiseptic.

On going to Paris the next day to consult an oculist I got the cheering information that though the left eye had gone, and in conditions that made an operation dangerous, the right eye was unaffected. It was not only unaffected, but its vision remained unusually clear. The same causes which had worked in the left might eventually work in the right, but so far there was no sign of it. Sufficient unto the day being the good thereof, I took plenty of heart, went back to my *petit trou pas cher* and finished my second book. This was "The Garden of Charity," a tale of fisherman life on the coast of Nova Scotia.

Here I may say that though I had at this time begun to write, it was only in the sneaking half ashamed way in which one indulges in a vice. To me the love of writing had always been painted as my besetting sin. The [*Continued on page 176*]

A Novel of

SPAIN

Where Romance Never Dies

By

Blasco Ibañez

Concluding

Queen

IT WAS a little after eleven the next morning when Mrs. Douglas went to the Promenade des Anglais. At this hour the crowds sunning themselves on the beaches are at their densest, but the boom of the noon-day cannon dissolves the clustering groups, sending them scurrying in all directions toward their hotels and houses in search of luncheon.

Rina accompanied her, and the chow, kept on a leash so short that he was fairly suspended above the ground, dangled in momentary peril of his life against Rina's skirts. Instead of walking down the Promenade toward its starting place where winter visitors are to be found sitting on benches and chairs, listening to the music dispensed by restaurants and cafés, Concha and her companions took the opposite direction, going towards the suburb called California. As they pursued their way, the passers-by became less frequent, and the walk along the shore began to assume the appearance of the real seaside. There was no sand here and the fishermen's boats lay high and dry on round boulders that looked much like hard-baked dough cakes streaked blue and gray. The sunshine, clear white from sheer intensity, streamed out over the sea like a driving rain of silver.

Mrs. Douglas drew down her upper lip with the aggressive and stern movement that habitually accompanied her momentous decisions. The matter must be ended, and as soon as possible . . .

On the shore a cluster of curious onlookers was gazing in wonder at two enormous and lifeless creatures of the sea that lay sprawling at their feet, strange saw-toothed monsters, their huge dusky backs spotted with white, their dead eyes still oddly ferocious. An old sailor, bearded and hairy, his gentle glance curiously reminiscent—like that of many old men of the Nice wharfside—of his compatriot, the great Garibaldi, was relating to the group of curiosity-seekers how these two Mediterranean sharks had been captured. The pair had, it seemed, destroyed a great part of the old fellow's nets.

"And then"—he pursued his narrative in soft Italian singsong—"the male shark, seeing his mate caught in the net, plunged in himself. 'Get her out or die along with her,' he seemed to be saying, as clear as day. I saw it with my very own eyes, just as I'm telling you!"

Concha Ceballos stood listening to the old mariner's tale from the Promenade above the shore. In spite of being quite convinced that his romantic notions with respect to the two dead sharks were false, she felt a stir of emotion at the old fellow's words. How artlessly he attributed even to these egotistical and ferocious monsters of the deep the same passions that delight or sadden human beings! Ah, poet of the red shirt! Rhapsodist of the middle sea! In the obscure profundities of those waters wherein all life is a ceaseless devouring or a being devoured—waters that the setting sun in a daily renewed symbol stains with the somber hues of blood—even here he traced the wonders of love . . .

In one of the cheap restaurants on the other side of the Promenade a wedding party was celebrating the wedding feast, the bride and groom noisily acclaimed by well-wishers from among the inhabitants of the quarter.

With twangings of guitars and mandolins, the musicians arrayed like Neapolitan fishermen, were accompanying a tenor who was singing a popular song. His throaty, mellow voice one of those voices that in the narrow limits of a room make the listener smile pityingly, but that, heard by night on a canal in Venice or in the golden mist that floats between the red-stained promontories of the Gulf of Naples, brings a moisture to the eyes, rose and throbbed on the notes of

Vieni al mare
Vieni al ma-are . . .

Thus moaned the voice to an accompaniment of sweet vibrating strings; and Mrs. Douglas felt a softening within her, as though the singer's invitation had been addressed to her. The sea, yes—the sea, that was freedom and forgetting, a new

When You Are Going Blind [Continued from page 31]

temptation to fall into it began with my earliest knowledge that letters would spell words, and words tell a story. By the time I could scribble I scribbled so persistently that, in the educational spirit of the time, pens, pencils, paper and ink were taken away from me. I haunted the back yards of shops, where I tore off the metal lining of which fringes hang in empty packing cases, twisting it to a point which would write, however clumsily. Shreds of wrapping paper were always to be picked up. These I secreted in outhouses and barns where, like Penrod, I spent ravishing hours engaged on a great piece of fiction. No one but himself can appreciate the refuge which the House of Imagination offers to a troubled and anxious little boy.

But it was a secret refuge. I cannot remember by what process I came to understand the act of creative writing to be shameful, but I had no doubt that it was so. I kept the sin to myself. I kept it to myself till on the eve of going to the university. Then in the course of a talk with one of my teachers, whom I still revere as the wisest man of modern times, I blurted out the confession. As a work in life I should like to write. He looked at me with deep, kindly eyes. "My dear boy, you're insane," was all he said; and insane I thought myself. Not till years of work in another profession had brought me to a nervous breakdown which was the cause of my being on the north coast of France did I think of writing except as a prompting of the evil one to be speedily overcome.

On taking it up at last I had to explain to myself that I was not doing so with serious intent. My serious intent was to go back to my profession as soon as I was well enough. That might be in another year, when the pastime of writing would be dropped again.

THE date arrived some eighteen months after the summer at Saint-Pierre-en-Port. I was back in New York, with the intention of taking up my old work again. It seemed to be my duty, and duty is always in the end the line of least resistance. Nervously I was wholly recovered, while my eyes seemed no worse than on the day at Fécamp. The left was even more sightless, but the right saw perfectly.

And yet on going to the oculist in New York I learned that the right had begun to go as the left had gone. My instantaneous thought was, "Then I can go on writing." The typewriter was coming into general use, and I had heard of the touch system, by which the writer could dispense with looking at the keys. On leaving the oculist I went straight to the Blickensderfer office and bought a portable machine.

I am not saying that I willingly accepted blindness for the sake of the compensations. It was only that, since the blindness was threatening, the compensations were at least that much to the good. When at such a time there is anything at all to the good its value to the sufferer cannot be overemphasized.

In the first place it relieves him from having nothing to contemplate but a blankness. That was what I dreaded most. The loss of sight was in itself but a secondary part of the tragedy. The emptiness of life was the first; but with a typewriter that emptiness was filled up again. No one, it seemed to me, could be lonely, or lost, or utterly disconsolate who had time and liberty to write.

In my case, too, it implied a release from prohibition. I might become the exceptional man to whom Heaven had given leave to commit his besetting sin as a means of livelihood.

For there was that side to it too. In all my hopes, fears and forecasts the question of a livelihood dominated everything. I had still my cares and responsibilities, and even more insistently than when I was a boy. Though, with the passing of the older generations, I have now been relieved of them, they were at that time a grave consideration. Blindness or no blindness, I must find so much money each month.

If I am indelicate enough to revive these memories it is because my position was only that of the majority of men, and of many women. Nearly every one of us is helping to take care of those unable to take care of themselves. We generally consider it a thankless task of which we would gladly see the end. But once we begin to help, the objects of our benevolence have a way of hanging on forever.

Here once more I had been obliged at an early age to work out a guiding principle. If I go on like this, I had often said to myself, I shall have nothing saved. Later I had to express it in terms that applied to old age and the future of my family. At times it looked like a duty to abandon dependents now, so that I myself might be secured in the years to come.

But here I reasoned that I could never be a loser from standing by those who had a claim on me. It could not be that having done what I could for them I should be left with nothing for myself. I was not generous at heart; I was doing what I did only because there was no one else to undertake it; but even so, it seemed to me, the Giver of All Things would not desert a man who was humbly trying to be a giver in his turn.

And He never did. As the first of each month came round, I always had money, even at the worst of times, to pay my bills and meet my obligations of affection. There was often no more; but there was that; and by the time the first of the next month came round the empty purse filled up again. Many a time I was reminded, and I am reminded still, of the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil of the Widow of Sarepta. "And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord."

I shall not be suspected of founding an argument on this. I am merely recounting a phase I passed through in connection with my blindness. The barrel of meal wasted not, and the cruse of oil never failed. They went down very low, but when my need sent me back to them the essential was always to be found. There was no miracle in this, nor any special favor. It is simply a matter of the spiritual law proclaimed in the Sermon on the Mount: "Give and it shall be given unto you—good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, will men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete, with that it shall be measured to you again."

The reader, I hope, will not put me down as either didactic or sanctimonious in narrating this part of my experience. Having been asked to tell the tale of my struggle with blindness, I can tell it only as it happened. In it my responsibilities for others had an important part; and if I have personally found that I have not only never lost by giving, but have had, in the words of the prophet Malachi, the windows of Heaven opened to pour me out a blessing—or if so it seems to me—the fact is worth recording. In my hardest time my heaviest cares were for those outside my immediate family; and yet, as I see things now, it was by shouldering these cares to the utmost of my strength that the range of life grew widest.

With the sight of one eye gone and that of the other going I determined then to break into a new profession. An astute and aged relative pointed out to me at the time that in any of the arts a man must serve seven years for Leah, and then another seven years for Rachel. Only in this way could the worker be well grounded, and develop the essential power of fecundity. On my laughing at her theory she reminded me of the many writers within the preceding ten years who had made big successes with a first or a second book, but of whom one heard no more. By this I was neither comforted nor convinced. I had two books behind me, and with the third I meant to jump into recognition. If I couldn't win Leah in another year, and Rachel in two or

You Can Banish That

Gray Hair

With This Clean, Colorless Liquid

If your hair is gray, do what thousands of others have done—use the wonderful clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak and see the original color quickly return.

No matter what the cause of the grayness—age, shock, illness, scalp disease—this remarkable liquid restores the exact former color, gives the hair a beautiful, silky texture, and keeps it from becoming brittle and falling out. Also cleanses scalp and hair, banishes dandruff, and keeps the hair from falling out. As easy to use as water.

Ask Your Dealer

Make a test of Kolor-Bak now. No need to furnish a sample of your hair, as the one clean, colorless liquid is for all hair regardless of former color. You pay nothing for Kolor-Bak if results are not satisfactory. Ask your dealer about Kolor-Bak or send for Free Book on Care of the Hair. Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Chicago.

"My Hair Was Quite Gray"

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original color. I look 10 years younger."

(*A typical letter.*)

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

Crooked Spines

Made Straight

OVER 50,000 REMARKABLE CASES

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated over 50,000 cases in 23 years.

30 Days' Free Trial

We will prove its value in your case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photograph shows how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine should write at once Send for our free booklet. If you describe case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT CO., Jamestown, N.Y.
327-22 Odd Fellows Temple

showed Duane's idea of cancer treatment to be the right one. By a delicate technique he made very tiny glass tubes, less than an eighth of an inch long and about a hundredth of an inch thick. Each one of these little tubes contained a very small but definite amount of radium gas. Then by a simple instrument he injected numbers of these little tubes throughout the entire mass of the tongue cancer—and left them there. For days the swift rays of the radium shot through the glass walls of the tubes into the tumor, killing all of the cancer cells for a definite distance around them.

At once Janeway began to have brilliant results. Instead of the short exposure to rays possible by the old methods, the little buried tubes shot out their cancer-killing rays for eight or nine days. Many apparently hopeless cancers of the tongue disappeared completely, their victims were snatched from death, and many of them are alive today. Then he applied the same method successfully to cancer of the tonsil, which surgeons almost always considered it useless to operate upon and invariably fatal. But most important of all was his success in the treatment of cancer of the neck of the womb, that scourge of women.

Before Janeway started his method of burying little tubes of radium gas, this dread disease of women was treated almost entirely by a devastating and radical operation, which itself killed a large proportion of the women who risked it. In those days they were justified in risking it because it was their only hope. But it was very hard for doctors to induce women to submit to it because they knew the large chance of death they were taking.

Between the years 1915 and 1920 Janeway and his associates treated thirty-four cases of early cancer of the womb with radium. Twenty-three of these are alive and well today! And even in the large number of cases that came so late that surgeons refused to operate on them, Janeway's new method of burying radium tubes caused complete disappearance of the tumor in many, and some of these tumors have remained away for five years. And these were hopeless cases! Best of all, the death rate from the radium treatment itself is exactly nil.

By now Janeway's astounding cures had silenced the opposition of those who had at first scorned him. But in spite of this he always retained a haunting fear of losing his job, a dread memory, doubtless, of those early forlorn years when he had been driven from one mean position to another still more lowly. It was Ewing, who had first befriended and discovered him, who now encouraged him and led him to always more daring efforts in his battle against cancer. It was Ewing, great authority on cancer and hard-boiled survivor of many cancer-cure crazes, who confirmed his results and restrained his too great enthusiasm.

Janeway's skilled use of radium and the dramatic cures that his new method had given brought more and more early cases of cancer to the Memorial Hospital. He was no longer forced to work on the hopeless cases discarded by others. But in the midst of this great success he was coming to the end of his tether. Throughout his years of unceasing work in behalf of others he had been operated on fifteen times in vain efforts to get rid of his tumor. And now the murderous outlaws in his own body began to show that they would not be denied much longer. The cancer, which had started in his jaw, began to invade his nose. Only another operation could save him from immediate death. His steadfast friend Ewing was there and told me the grim story, so pitiful, so inspiring.

It was impossible to give him an anesthetic and Ewing tells how Janeway stood calmly, his scarred, deformed face hardly wincing, while surgeons bored openings in the air-passages blocked by the remorselessly growing tumor. Two days later he was back at his work, perfecting his buried radium tube method, writing up his results, teaching his colleagues to apply the new ways of work, encouraging patients, snatching hopeless ones from death.

Knowing that he was working under the dark shadow of the man with the scythe, one of his last attempts is among the most daring of his twenty years of work. Everyone knows about the dreaded cancer of the stomach, killing its thirty thousand a year in our land alone. But—how to get the little radium tubes into the stomach tumor? Janeway conceived the idea of opening the abdomen of the patient, exposing the cancer, and planting his tiny tubes.

He found a patient with hopeless cancer of the stomach who was willing to submit to the attempt. The operation was done. The tumor was found to be a large one which would inevitably kill the sufferer in a short time. Carefully and exactly Janeway inserted his little tubes at regular distances through the whole tumor mass. Rapidly the mass disappeared, but two weeks later the patient died. A post-mortem was made by Doctor Ewing, who removed the stomach and found that the tumor had been completely destroyed! It was probable that the dose of radium had been a little too high; but the daring attempt showed what might be done—what surely will be done in cancer of the stomach when this method is brought to perfection by Janeway's followers.

Already this scheme, of operation plus radium, is having great success in cancer of the bladder, in the hands of Barringer, one of his associates. Cases of bladder cancer hopeless for operation have been rapidly cured by the buried radium tubes and have remained cured for several years. These splendid results, and many others, in different kinds of cancer, were published in the Radium Report of the Memorial Hospital for 1924. They were published by Janeway's followers, but were not read by Janeway.

Early in 1921 his relentless enemy began to creep into the base of his brain, and, tired of his fight, he sought his bed for his last rest.

IT HAS been the happy lot of some great men to hear their names applauded by the world, and to receive honors and medals, and to see great institutions founded to perpetuate their fame. What honor has been accorded to Janeway?

Searching through the files of the Journal of the American Medical Association for 1921, I found at last a little item in fine print, tucked away insignificantly among other laconic death notices of unknown doctors. It read:

> Henry Harrington Janeway, New York; College of Physicians and Surgeons in the City of New York, 1898; aged 47; a member of the American Society for Cancer Research; attending surgeon to the Memorial Hospital; died February 1, 1921.

That was all.

But let us record his passing and his deeds with that most famous of all epitaphs: "He saved others, himself he could not save." His work is his monument.

Much remains to be done and the brilliant work of Janeway is only the beginning of the successful attack against the monster who, in Ewing's words, still sits grimly in his stronghold. Radium is many times more dear than gold. Radium is scarce, and pitifully few hospitals in our rich land have enough radium to carry out Janeway's methods of treatment on a large scale. And still fewer doctors have been trained so far in his marvelous method of using it. We can afford great concert halls and libraries and colleges—then why not radium, which together with education will conquer many forms of this worst of all diseases? Medical schools can teach doctors to do all kinds of complicated operations; they surely can teach them the proper use of radium in cancer.

Hidden Mysteries

That Rule The World

What causes empires to flourish and die? What about great world leaders, such as Alexander, Ceasar, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Washington and others? Did these men and women rise to meet emergencies of their day or did they shape the course of the world to fit their wills? Ridpath's History will give you answer to these questions.

Today a knowledge of history is more necessary than ever before. History repeats itself. It enables you to understand the meaning of the tremendously important events that are taking place every day here and in Europe.

Ridpath's History of the World

Including a Full Account of the World War

Endorsed by Presidents of the United States, practically all college presidents, by a quarter of a million Americans who own and love it. **New Edition** just off the press contains complete and accurate account of the World's history from the dawn of time down to and including our late President Harding's administration. Ridpath covers *every race, every time* and holds you spell-bound with his wonderful eloquence.

HISTORY BOOK FREE Send now for beautifully illustrated 46-page history book. Contains actual sample pages and pictures of Ridpath's History. Also we shall send you complete details of manufacturer's unusual direct **low price** offer and **convenient easy terms.** Learn about our special on approval offer. No obligation. Book is free. **Send coupon today!**

Ridpath Historical Society,
1407 United Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please mail, without cost to me, the 46-page history book containing sample pages and pictures of Ridpath's History of the World. Also write me full details of your special low price and easy payment offer to readers of Hearst's International.

Name ....

Address ....

FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you FREE and POSTPAID a 10c bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusts and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Renews pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure. Moreover we will tell you how to obtain FREE, a

$2.00 LIQUID VENEER MOP

Has removable swab for washing and full yarn center. You'll be delighted. Nothing to sell—no orders to take—just building up a little good will for Liquid Veneer Polishing Products in your neighborhood. Write now for your FREE sample and particulars.

Sold by hardware, furniture, drug, paint, grocery and general stores.

LIQUID VENEER

Liquid Veneer Company
423 Ellicott St.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises

Jan. 20 and Jan. 31, 1925; 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Chartered steamers; ask for either program.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

District Representatives. Money-making opportunity selling Radiolite system of charging batteries. Sell to battery stations, garages, auto-owners. Write for information and free demonstration offer.

Radiolite Co., Dept. F, St. Paul, Minn.

TYPEWRITER PRICES REDUCED

Free Trial

ON ALL MAKES

Big bargains, easy payments on *late model* Underwoods, Royals, L.C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc.—perfect machines expertly remanufactured by the "Young Process" guaranteed like new for five years. Shipped direct from our factory to you at big saving. Our big illustrated catalog sent *free and without obligation* to buy. Write for yours today.

Young Typewriter Co. Dept. 169A 654 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

three more, I felt that I might as well not begin.

It was important for me to win Leah before the darkness settled down. I had the conviction, I hardly know why, that I needed sight for the earlier steps though afterwards I might do without it. I made haste, therefore, to write my new book, which dealt with the life around Harvard in the 'nineties, as well as with that of Cambridge as it was before subways and motor-cars had tied it up with Boston. My title was "The Steps of Honor," and from motives of economy the book was written in Paris.

But its sale was smaller than that of my first two. For neither of these had the demand been large, and here, for the third, it was diminishing. I was already in my decline. I was in my decline with a great calamity hanging over me, and hardly any time to wait. On the other hand the reviews were good in both America and England, and the publishers encouraging. Taking heart of grace, I began my fourth.

I had finished perhaps a third of it when a new misfortune overtook me in the form of a malady of the ductless glands at that time considered mysterious. Of this I have given some account in my book "The Conquest of Fear," and so will not go into it again. All I need say is that for a year and more I was unable to write anything. In fact, my writing experiment seemed to have ended before it had well begun. The blankness of outlook which the menace of blindness had not brought about had apparently come from causes for which I could find no remedy.

Nevertheless, the barrel of meal wasted not nor did the cruse of oil fail. There was always a little in the bottom of both. When I say a little I mean that it was enough for comfortable living, without undue self-denial. The pinch was never so much in the present as it was in the prospect. While able to get through each day, my doubt was as to getting through many more of them. The disabilities seemed too great for strength like mine to react against.

But the time came when I gathered together such resources as remained to me, and reacted. Going back again to my little portable machine I finished my fourth book, and named it "The Giant's Strength." Its sale was less than that of the one before it. Luckily it had serial publication in a small magazine which soon ceased to function, so that some money came from that source. But the money was not a consolation for the fact that Leah was so coy. By this time I had been writing for six years, and as far as the public was concerned I might not have published anything.

To this disappointment the chief mitigation lay in the fact that the sight of my right eye continued to hold out. Having declined to a certain point, it seemed arrested there. In the way of permanent relief this might not mean anything, but so long as I could see I had that much less to worry me. The process of going blind had been so long that by this time it did not worry me at all. One adapts oneself to anything. That there had ever been a time when the danger was not imminent began to strike me as incredible.

My preoccupation was entirely with my lack of success as a writer. Analyzing myself I had formed, I thought, a fairly good estimate of my equipment, and still think it so. I was not a novelist; I was a story-teller. The novelist deals with life; the story-teller with his tale. In the one the characters create the plot; in the other the plot demands the characters. The novelist works in the higher sphere, the story-teller in the humbler one; but each has his advantages.

Having been assured by critics that as a story-teller I had certain gifts, it was humiliating not to be able to place them where the American reader would notice them. With editors and publishers I had had little difficulty from the first; but on the buyer I seemed utterly unable to impress myself. Coming to my fifth book I made up my mind that in case of another failure it would be my last. My besetting sin would have provēd itself nothing but a besetting sin, and not a means of livelihood; and a means of livelihood was more urgent to me than either health or sight.

By the time I had finished a third of the book my publishers wished to look at it. Having looked at it they asked me to come to New York to talk the manuscript over. On my arrival in New York I was invited to dinner at the Hotel Knickerbocker by the late James MacArthur, for whose endearing qualities many of us have a dedicated reverence. No more genial or encouraging critic ever took an eager but inexperienced aspirant in hand.

By the time we had finished dinner and had reached the coffee and cigars, MacArthur had shown me my story, so it seemed to me, as a bit of tosh. I forget what his criticisms were, but in my depressed and sensitive state of mind there was nothing left of it but a deformity. It couldn't be permitted to come to the birth. I would end it there and then.

As this involved not merely the new hopes I had formed but all my hopes from the days when I could first hope for anything, the minute was a bitter one. Even if I found another occupation, the delights and enticements of a besetting sin would not belong to it. Not merely was my book a failure, but all my writing was a failure; and with my writing a failure, I as an individual became the greatest failure of all. There being nothing for me now but the scrap-heap, to the scrap-heap I marched up.

I broke into what he was saying with the words I can still repeat textually. "That's all right, MacArthur. I had already decided that if this book didn't do the trick it would be my last. Now it won't be my last since it will not be written. Let's talk about something else."

I can give his answer textually too. It was at once too brief and too amazing not to be cut forever on my brain. "My God, man! we're going to run it serially in Harper's Magazine."

I wish there was any way of telling the layman what that meant to a struggling writer who had not yet succeeded in doing anything worth while. For the names of their serial writers Harper's had never had any but the greatest, or at least the most commanding. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, William Dean Howells, Mrs. Humphrey Ward were but a few of them. To be admitted into that company, even by a reversal of past policy, was a thing so astounding that it turned my inner world upside down.

It implied so many things, of which recognition was the first. With a successful run through Harper's Magazine the buyer would begin to know who I was. I should have a bigger sale; I should earn more money; my next book would gain in importance; the future would be more or less assured. And yet beyond all these there was one thing which loomed up over all the others as a permanent glorifying fact: I could go on writing. The purpose for which I had my existence was not to be strangled. Blind or seeing, I was to be at liberty to work that purpose out. Nothing else mattered in the world. If ever the windows of Heaven were opened to pour me out a blessing it was in the Knickerbocker café on that sparkling February night.

My book was named "The Inner Shrine." It proved to be Leah, for my seven years were up exactly.

When I have told of one more decision which I was obliged to make I shall have said enough.

Before my illness I had been in the habit of going into general society, as well as of speaking frequently in public. It is probably known already to the reader that troubles with the ductless glands are likely to be disfiguring. My own case was not an exception, and for the first year or two I kept as much as possible out of sight, living chiefly abroad.

But the time came when I saw that I must be the victim of this condition or its master. To be the victim was easy. Nothing grows on one more quickly than a shrinking from seeing people, or of going out. When you

Keep Your EYES At Their Best

Are you giving your EYES the care they deserve to keep them always clear, bright and healthy?

Often dust, wind and undue strain cause the EYES to appear dull, lifeless and unattractive. To make the most of their natural charm and sparkle, they should be cleansed as regularly as the skin and teeth.

For daily use, or when your EYES feel hot, tired and heavy, *Murine* is most refreshing and beneficial. This old and tried preparation has been used successfully for more than thirty years. It is guaranteed not to contain belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 33, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

美華
(BI-KA)
TRADE MARK

BIKA
(Bee-ka)

THE NEW ORIENTAL

Hair Remover

Out it comes--Root and All!

Harmless and Odorless
Most Agreeable to use
Most Lasting Effect
Most Reasonable Price

Sold on Money-back Guarantee

Generous Testing Sample only 10c
Regular package $2.00

Address The BIKA Co., Dept. B-1
Bedford, Pa.

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Florsheim Shoes are as distinguished in performance as they are in appearance. You can rely on them under all conditions. They have endurance as well as style.

Most Styles $10

Fall Booklet "Styles of The Times" on Request

THE RIALTO
Style M-155
One of Many Styles

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers CHICAGO

Mother Nature
—keeps children in the Pink of Condition

Mother Nature's demands are all too often dangerously ignored by children in their tireless zest for play.

But Mother Nature can help you keep the personal habits of your children regular and normal if you will only let her.

Mother Nature's help is to be found in NR Tablets—Nature's Remedy. NR Tablets are the all-vegetable laxative, containing Nature's own mild and pleasant correctives for sluggish and irregular elimination.

Let Nature's Remedy keep the children in the pink of condition by doing for them what they may neglect to do for themselves.

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

Made especially for children. One-third regular dose, same ingredients. Candy coated. Have you tried them? Send 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the blue and yellow box.

All Druggists
Sell the Dainty
25 CENTS BOX

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO.,
Department 5-H, St. Louis, Mo.

The authorized agents of the Periodical Publishers Service Bureau, 511 East 164th St., New York City, are authorized to solicit, and accept, yearly subscriptions to Hearst's INTERNATIONAL, at the subscription price and terms as printed on their order forms.

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL, 119 West 40th St., New York

have been a recluse for a year or two, you lose the desire to be anything else. You become timid in the sense that a wild animal is timid. Escape becomes your aim in life, not the walking up to life and facing it.

Thus I came to a pass at which I saw that my choice was between perpetual escape, on the one hand, and a reasonable boldness, on the other. This was first presented to me by an invitation to a large dinner to be given by Colonel George Harvey in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of that immortal artist and beloved prince among men, William Dean Howells. I was asked to sit at the high table, and to be one of the after-dinner speakers, the kind of invitation which it seemed a foregone conclusion that I must decline.

But second thoughts induced me to hesitate. Hesitation brought reflection. Reflection took me back to my old-time point of view, that the use we get from affliction is in our reaction against it. Submission is fatal. It is giving in to an enemy who will never show any mercy. To ignore misfortune and live as nearly as possible as if we didn't have it to bear is the only course worthy of a man.

With this as a principle I not only went to the dinner and spoke, but I worked out a plan of action for the future. I would go before the public, for social or speaking purposes, whenever I could please, help or contribute anything. When unable to do any of these three I should feel myself at liberty to keep to the background with no reproaches of conscience.

Of the working of this rule I wish merely to note the extraordinary kindness of people. The poor old public gets so many knocks—knocks which as a rule it thoroughly deserves—that it is a relief to be able to set down something on the other side of the balance-sheet. To the credit of this wicked world I have to chronicle the fact that as far as this one individual is concerned, not once has it failed me when I pumped up the courage to come before it. Since the Harvey-Howells dinner I have spoken to hundreds of audiences, large and small, and never have I lacked the subtle assurance, which all speakers know as a support, of having my hearers with me.

That this is not a covert way of blowing my own trumpet I must beg my reader to believe without my saying any more about it. In any account of one's personal struggle one must risk the imputation of egoism and thinly disguised vanity. I let that go. The point I am raising is just this: that when, taking my courage in both hands, I did my best to ignore my infirmities, the people before whom I came always sustained me royally. Cruel and hard-hearted as the human race is, I should like to bring my humble sprig of tribute to the fact that it also knows how to be generous.

AND still the right eye continues to hold out. Rachel has come and gone, but my little bit of sight remains with me. It is not much; I see neither very far nor very clearly; but between not seeing and seeing at all there is the distance of the east from the west. How long it will last I cannot guess. Sufficient to the day is the good thereof.

I have spent so much of my energy in looking forward to things of which I was afraid, and few of which ever came to pass, that I find it an economy of strength only to anticipate the good. If the evil comes it comes, but one generally finds a way to meet it. Foresight, precaution, reasonable care can be exercised without yielding to dismay. The fun of work, and after that the fun of work, and then the fun of work again, I have found the surest impetus to courage. For me it has mitigated physical ills, and led my mind away from moral ones. To have more work than I can do has become my ideal of earthly happiness. I often think that if today I am not wholly blind it is because the sheer necessity of working compelled me to preserve a gleam of the divine faculty. I could positively not go blind in a world where there was so much to be done.

Bro-Dart
INDUSTRIES
• NEWARK 8, N. J.
• LOS ANGELES 25, CALI
• TORONTO 6, CANADA
Made in US